

The Holmes County Farmer.

ESTABLISHED A. D. 1826.]

MILLERSBURG, OHIO, THURSDAY MORNING, MAY 29, 1862.

[NEW SERIES—VOL. 24—NO. 15.]

THE Holmes County Farmer.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY
BY J. A. & E. ESTILL.

Terms of Subscription:
One year, in advance, \$1.50
If not paid within the year, \$2.00

Rates of Advertising:
One square, three weeks, \$1.00
Each additional insertion, .50
One square, three months, \$2.50
One square, six months, \$4.00
One square, twelve months, \$7.00
One fourth column, one year, \$10.00
One half column, one year, \$15.00
One column, one year, \$20.00

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Bread baked daily. He respectfully returns thanks for the liberal patronage he has received, and hopes to merit by a close application to business, a continuance of the same.
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J. & C. VORWERK.
March 27, 1862.

Poetry.

A GREAT MAN.

BY CHARLES DICKEYS.

That man is great, and he alone,
Who serves a greatness not his own,
For neither praise nor profit;
Content to know, and be unknown,
Whole in himself.

Strong is the man, and he alone,
To whom well-ordered will belong,
For service and delight,
All powers that, in despite of wrong,
Establish right.

And free he is, and he alone,
Who, from his transient passions free,
By fortune undisturbed,
Hath power upon himself to be
By himself obeyed.

If such a man there be, where'er
He turn the sun and moon be far,
He can not love amiss,
Great Nature has him in her care,
Her name is his.

Time can not take him by surprise;
Woe can not crush him, in its strife;
Stronger from overthrow,
When some a Heavenly Friend supplies
Against Heaven's foe.

Lord of life he is,
Lordly living tho' he be,
Of lowly birth; tho' poor,
He lacks not worth, nor high degree
In state or cheer.

The sudden fall, the broken lot,
The loss of all he holds so dear,
To strive with mortal sin,
And send away with tears the spot
That sinks not in.

Yet not with downward eye he moves,
Heat on himself, nor one so close
Holds to his own heart's cell,
But what he sees, and hears, and knows,
And doth love well.

For he lives above from him,
The world's necessities denied,
He looks not on the things that are,
Abroad and with the hearts of men
His own confers.

The Judge upon the Justice-seat,
The brow back'd by the street,
The spinster in the sun,
The reaper reaping in the wheat,
The man-checked nun—

He nothing human alien deems
Unto himself, nor disowns
Man's moment claims upon him,
And looks not on the things that are,
Deep blessing crown him.

Miscellaneous.

SQUIRE BAILEY'S MULE.

BY CAPTAIN JERE WILLIAMS.

If the stories of incidents and adventures current in any of the numerous camps, in the neighborhood of Seeshed, could be collected in book form, they would make a very readable work. I may send you a string of such as are afloat in our region, at some future time. At present I will relate one which came to my knowledge a few days since.

Squire Bailey had the biggest, and best, and most docile mule in Martin's Bottom, and Martin's Bottom is about the biggest and best neighborhood on Greenbrier river. Squire Bailey was inclined to be a Union man, and did not entirely conceal his sentiments, notwithstanding the presence of Floyd's army in the vicinity. About the time of Floyd's "tumultuous flight" from the region, he was very much in need of transportation, and, according to established usage among seceders, he proceeded to levy upon the teams of the farmers. Of course, a Union man, like Squire Bailey, was not to escape; but Squire Bailey, taking time by the forelock, very quietly, one night, removed to a safe locality all his live stock except his favorite mule, which he kept for hauling wool and going to mill.

This mule being the only support of a large and increasing family, Squire Bailey fondly believed the Seeshed would not be heartless enough to rob him of it.

One fine morning along came Quartermaster Bluff, accompanied by half a dozen armed men from Floyd's army. Squire Bailey was standing at his gate when Quartermaster Bluff approached and commenced conversation with him.

"Good morning, Mr.—a—Mr." "Bailey," suggested the Squire.

"Yes, Bailey; good morning, Mr. Bailey."

"Mornin'," said the Squire.

"I understand, Mr. Bailey, that you have a number of horses and mules which you wish to dispose of to our glorious Confederacy."

"Mistake, sir," said Bailey, "I have none to sell to anybody."

"But, Mr. Bailey, some gentleman informed me yesterday that you had quite a number of horses and mules."

"If you'll believe your own eyes, instead of 'some gentleman,' Mr. Quartermaster, you can see for yourself that I have nothing but that mule in the log pen there, and that I can't possibly keep house without."

"Ah, I see the mule!" said Bluff, looking through the cracks. "You'd be asking fifty dollars for that, I s'pose."

"Well, it's a big price, but if you want take less I'll have to give it. Corporal, just write a note for fifty dollars, payable in Florida swamp lands, at twenty-five dollars an acre, two years after our glorious Confederacy achieves undisputed independence."

"But, Mr. Bluff," remonstrated the Squire, "if you take my mule, my family will freeze to death, and starve to death too, afore spring. And if I had twenty mules I could not sell you such as that for less nor three hundred in gold, but this one I can't spare at no price."

ing gratitude of our glorious Confederacy. Think of that, Mr. Bailey—think of that."

Mr. Bluff, before his appointment, had been utterly penniless, and ten times as much as he was poor. These qualifications got him the appointment of quartermaster, and out of this office he was stealing a fortune.

"Mr. Bluff," said the Squire, with much feeling, "for the Lord's sake don't take my last earthly support. Don't you see my children are all cryin' and carryin' on because they know they'll be in their graves afore spring, if you rob me on—"

"Rob?" exclaimed Mr. Bluff, fiercely. "Don't say rob again, or I'll massacre your whole nest of traitors. It's because you're an enemy to our glorious Confederacy that you are unwilling to sell the mule at a fair price. I oughtn't to pay such as you a cent, but I'm a generous man and you ought to be thankful to me. Corporal, fill up the note as I directed."

"Hold on a minute," said the Squire. "If that paper is what you are going to give me, don't spile it by writin' on it. The blank paper might be of a little use to me, but the writin' on it never could."

"You're a cursed traitor to our glorious Confederacy," said Bluff, and he started to take the mule out of the pen. I was hit with a halter and had a broad circle around it. He unfastened it, and without deigning another word to the economy of his glorious Confederacy, he was off with it to seek another farmer's stable.

Squire Bailey looked sad as he turned to go to the house, and in the bitterness of his feelings, so far forgot himself as to denounce the glorious Confederacy.

Singly concealed in Squire Bailey's closet was Jack Phillips, tho'p to everything Ohio scout. As the Squire entered the room he called out: "Come out, Jack, they've gone, and the infernal seceders have stolen my mule."

"I told you they would," said Jack, making his appearance, "and if I hadn't informed you last night, they'd got all the rest of 'em that you sent off."

"That's so, Jack; but I'd give a hundred dollars to have that mule back."

Jack looked steadily at the fire for five minutes.

"What did you say, Squire?" "I said I'd give a hundred dollars to get that mule back, but I s'pose three hundred wouldn't get him."

"I don't know," said Jack, abstractedly, and he looked in the fire for five minutes more. Suddenly Jack brightened up, and said:

"Give me the hundred dollars, Squire, and I'll bring you your mule to-morrow night or your money shall be returned."

The Squire looked amazed at Jack for a moment, but seeing he was in earnest, put five double eagles in his hand. In a few minutes Jack left the house, dressed in flannel pants, a wammy and a coon skin cap.

Next day, as Jack was walking leisurely up the road, by a coincidence, he met the Quartermaster and his men, returning with the proceeds of the expedition. Jack smiled a happy smile when he saw Bluff behind the rest, leading the Squire's mule. He walked quietly along until he came almost opposite the Quartermaster, when he darted suddenly off the side of the road, looking at the mule as if frightened.

"Blasted scoundrel!" exclaimed Jack. "Who? Who is a blasted scoundrel?" asked the Quartermaster.

"Ah! that the mule old Bailey had?" asked Jack, moving still further out of his reach.

"Yes, but who did you say was a blasted scoundrel?" inquired the Quartermaster, very naturally taking all such compliments to himself.

"Why, old Bailey, and the mule, too, for that matter," replied Jack.

"What's the matter with the mule?" asked Bluff, whose former occupation had not made him much of a judge of live stock.

"The matter! Why, he'll kill you afore you get him home. You didn't pay the old sinner anything for him, did you?" inquired Jack.

"Certainly; I paid two hundred and fifty dollars for him." This was what the self-sacrificing patriot of the glorious Confederacy.

"Lord a mercy!" exclaimed Jack. "But what's the matter with him?" asked Bluff, looking at the animal half frightened.

"That mule," replied Jack, "has kicked down, in his time, every panel of fence on old Bailey's place! You found him in a pen of big logs, didn't you?"

"Yes; why?" inquired Bluff.

"That's what he follows you for, and it's a wonder he hasn't cut you up body and breeches afore this, to get the like. I know'd that mule to kick the back off of old Bailey's cellar door, and go down there and get as drunk as a beast. Fast, sir, that mule can kick your hat off, and you on his back."

"That can't be so," said the quartermaster, incredulously.

"Try him," said Jack. "I've just got a cool hundred dollars to give you if you'll ride him a mile."

By this time the quartermaster's attendants had got out of sight, and his aversion to get Jack's gold, thinking he couldn't be more than thrown off any how.

The night before this meeting Jack had quietly stolen into the mule's stable and carefully placed a leather dog collar driven full of pointed sparrow bills, under the mule's circlet, putting a piece of light leather between the points of the collar and the mule's back, so that a moderate pressure would force them through into the mule's hide.

Ignorant of this, the greedy quartermaster moved the mule to the bank and sprang on him just as the dog collar was placed. Jack was on the mule, a boulder lit on his head, and he lit in the mud. The mule frantic with the pain of the nails set, sticking in his back, sprang off the side of the road, knocking down a dozen panels of fence, and ran furiously across the field, rearing, kicking, lying down and rolling over, jumping up and plunging at a terrible rate.

"I told you so," said Jack, coolly, as the quartermaster scrambled up, rubbing his bruised head, and flinching at the mud on his besmeared clothes.

"He's worse than seven devils, ain't he?" said the discomfited quartermaster.

"In course he is," replied Jack.

"What'll you give me for the chance of him?" asked the quartermaster, as he saw another string of fence go down before the maddened mule.

"Don't know," said Jack, "the halter might be worth a dollar or so, if I could get close enough to shoot him before he tears it all to short strings."

"But where's my horse?" asked the quartermaster, looking around in astonishment.

"Don't know," replied Jack, "the mule gave him a bite with his heels just as he started, and I haven't seen the horse since."

"I wish the devil had old—"

"Hello, Quartermaster," shouted a man in Seeshed uniform, who was coming up the road at the top of his speed; "hello, Mr. Quartermaster, the enemy is coming right down on our camp and the General wants you immediately. Our army is running like all possessed, and the General wants you to help save the plunder. Hurry back as hard as you can run or the enemy will be betwixt you and our fellows."

Bluff waited to hear no more, but broke for his camp like a quarter horse. When he arrived, and found that the story was all false, terrible was the vengeance he vowed; but before he had time to execute his threats, Floyd's army was in a remote part of the State.

It is hardly necessary to add, that the messenger who sent the quartermaster off so precipitately was an associate of Jack's, and that Jack had turned the quartermaster's horse with his head up the road, and by a sharp cut with a whip sent him off out of sight before Bluff recovered from his confusion.

Squire Bailey got his mule again, lit the worse for Jack's tricks, and he is as quiet and useful an animal as there is in all the country. The double eagles Jack returned with the mule, taking the quartermaster's horse as compensation for his services.

Jack Phillips says he would like to have an opportunity of inquiring of the self-sacrificing patriot of the glorious Confederacy, whether it hurt much at the time the mule kicked his hat off—

How Cannon are Spiked.

Cannons are spiked by driving into the touch-hole an exceedingly hard steel spike, with a point of soft iron for clearing it inside. After driving it in as far as it will go, the spike is broken off short, and the point is clinched by ramming into the gun a cannon ball. This ball is then wedged into the bottom of the gun by surrounding it with felt or cloth, and driving iron wedges between it and the gun. As this is a work of some minutes, and as guns have generally to be spiked in a hurry, various spikes have been devised and patented for doing the business in a moment.

Some of the new spikes have a spring at the end, by which they clinch themselves as soon as the end of the spike gets through. Others are made to be loose in the touch-hole, so as to render them more difficult to drill out. In the absence of properly made spikes, cast iron nails are commonly used, and answer a temporary purpose. If a gun is spiked in the best manner, it is exceedingly difficult to remove the obstruction; so difficult, in fact, that it is often preferable to drill a new hole. If a gun is spiked with a cannon nail only, unclimbed, and no ball has been driven into the gun, the nail can generally be removed by exploding in the gun a small charge of powder, after stopping up the mouth of the gun with a very solid wadding. Fire is communicated to the powder by an opening in the wadding, made by a wire or thin rod of iron.

"The devil!" ejaculated the quartermaster.

"Yes," continued Jack, "and I seed him kick that collar off. Ever since that he kicks every barrel to staves that he gets his eyes on."

"But he has seemed quiet enough since I have been leading him," interposed Bluff.

"Have you any liquor about you?" asked Jack.

'CUMULATIN' A BEEHIVE.

BY CAPTAIN JERE WILLIAMS.

"Boys, I know where there is a secess beehive," said Jack Phillips, one dull morning, while we were quartered on Cheat Mountain Summit.

"Where is it?" asked one of his two hearers.

"If you'll promise to go along and help to 'cumulate it, I'll tell you."

"Count me one," said Jed Wicks.

"Count me half a dozen, if you want that many," said Bill Reese.

"But I'll tell you boys, it's down at Robinson's, on Cheat River, and worse than that, it's in the kitchen loft; and still worse, he has got two all-fired cross blood-hounds."

"Come to think," said Jed Wicks, "I haven't got time to go."

"I never agreed to go," said Bill Reese.

"Look-a-here, fellows, I tell you we can 'cumulate that 'ere honey, and if you fellows are afeared to go, I can find somebody that ain't."

This left-hander at their courage set them to waiting off with other excuses.

"I'm not afeared to go," said Jed, "but may be Robinson is a Union man, and it wouldn't do, you know."

"Not by a darned sight, he ain't. He's one of these cursed neutral secess that's ten times worse than an out-and-out secess. He carries none to Greenbrier camp, and I'll prove it on him 'fore a week."

"But then," interposed Bill, "we can't get past the camp guards; and if we could it looks a little too much like stealing."

"Gitten past the guards ain't common amusement," said Jack, "just say you'll go, and the honey is ours. And as to the moral part we'll 'cordin to law and custom, you-know, just demand of the secess bees to take the oath, they refuse; we arrest them and confiscate their property. All fair and legal, you know."

"What's stealin' in time o' secess is confiscatin' and 'cumulatin' in time o' war. For stealin' you go to jail, but for 'cumulatin' you git promoted. So you see, in a moral point o' view it's entirely different."

Their qualms of conscience being thus satisfactorily disposed of, and Jack having insured their hides against the dogs, they agreed to go if he would get a pass to take them through the guard line.

"Come right along then," said Jack, and they followed him to a remote beat, where was walking to and fro, a German sentinel, who could not read the English. After the usual challenge, Jack advanced and drawing from the folds of his pocket-book a crumpled paper, read as follows:

"CAMP CHEAT MOUNTAIN SUMMIT, Va., October 18, 1861.

The guard will pass the bearer and two comrades, on very important business.

Brig.-Gen. MILNOR.

The German understood none of this, except the name and title of the General, and Jack, to prevent him from calling a corporal of the guard, looked very important, and made him understand that the General wished the expedition kept a profound secret. The sentinel reluctantly stepped aside, and they passed on.

"How in the dickens did you get that pass, Jack?" inquired Bill.

"Pass he hanged! It was nothing but a little note Robinson sent up to the General 'other day by me, about the boys a-stayin' from him. Yes, I give it to him myself."

"But what does the note say?" eagerly inquired Bill.

"Why, it says as how if the General 'lows any of the soldiers to come stealin' about him, his dogs shouldn't leave him nor hide of 'em. He done it to keep 'em, as he noticed me a cyin' of his beehive. I tuk the hint and the note and told him like as not some of the boys would be down this very day, and mabe steal his beehive or something," says he, "do you see them?" points to his dogs. Says I, "I believe I see 'em." Says he, one of them will tear the hind legs off a man the first jolt, of I tell 'em to." Says I, "keep a sharp look out, and mentioned to him 'specially to keep his eyes peeled to-day."

Jack stopped at the further end of the foot-way, and stood with his toe under one end of the plank, while Robinson advanced from the other, shaking his fist and exclaiming:

"I'll teach you to come here stealin', you pilferin', secessionally abolitionist—"

"KIDDER!"

Jack had dextrously thrown the end of the plank sideways, and Robinson and the dogs were floundering and fighting, and clanking over each other in four feet of water. Jack gave a loud shout, took to his heels, and, at the appointed rendezvous found his comrades with a hive of rich honey—Wicks' Spirit.

The Effect of the Democratic Address in Richmond.

(Extract from a private letter to the Editor of the Chicago Times.)

WASHINGTON, May 16.

An intelligent deserter from the rebel army reports that the Democratic address, which was lately issued by Hon. Wm. A. Richardson and other Democratic members of Congress, had been received in Richmond, through a copy of the New York Tribune, which had been smuggled into the South for the purpose of copying its leading articles, in order to further inflame the Southern people against the Federal Government.

But the unfortunate Wytheville Gazette knew no better than to copy the address of Richardson and friends, the result of which publication was the expression, by many prominent citizens, of favorable opinions in reference to "the Constitution as it is and the Union as it was." And the Gazette was at once suppressed, and the further publication of the address in the seceded States declared treasonable to the interests of the Confederate government, as it tends to a restoration of the old Union, and thereby demoralizes the army of the South, discredits public sentiment, and dissipates that unanimity of confidence in the Davis government which it is desirable to maintain.

The deserter, whose name is James T. Marks, states that nothing in the Northern papers has ever so alarmed the leaders of the rebellion as the address in question, and that the few copies of it which have gotten out among the farmers in Grayson county, Virginia, have done more to paralyze the organized arm of patriots than a thousand proclamations could accomplish. It is considered by prominent traitors and members of the rebel Government at Richmond as the most insidious and dangerous attack that has been made upon the permanency of their new Confederation.

And in order to counteract its effect, and also to stimulate the Southern mind to make new sacrifices and waste more life in their fruitless rebellion, all the leading journals in the interest of the rebel oligarchy are republishing all the speeches of Lovejoy, Sumner, Wilson, Chandler, Washburne, and other eminent confiscating and anti-emancipating abolitionists. Mr. Marks says that nothing helps to revive the drooping spirits of the rebel soldiery like the reading of the extreme speeches of those nigger lovers, and nothing is used so often and with such complete success.

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